

It's just not how I work

This sitting on things
This not making a fuss
It is just sitting behind a keyboard, sure
A Keyboard warrior, in the end, demure
I'm getting cucked and cucking,
I'm the lure,
But what of my wan fantasies assumes you *are*,
impure, out there somewhere giving a fuck
The senses of your menses' linings' trembling future tenses
Left between the cushions you were fucked against,
You're preening,
I am greening up and settling down to die,
Has been? I'm "been"-ing
Here assembled for your customs-house,
Your mustard,
And the discourse of the flustered,
Tightly clustered muses' fuses
Lit by fire played with by your mothers and your floosies,
Whether watched or whether sent by god to your met grinder
Of a soul, encouled like articles you stole from settled spots
Like we had stole from all that came before the tops,
The highland on the food chain
we're the predator, the lewd main
character who wrecks the face of everyone who moves
the grooves of tender mores erased by gestured firmly and defaced